

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

"THE NOVEL"

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INT. HOUSE - MORNING

A man is sleeping in his bedroom, the digital clock in his bedroom reads 9:37 AM. The man is in his mid 30's, with red hair and freckles. He's tall and slim, his room is a total mess. There is a typewriter next to his bed with numerous papers scattered around it.

WOMAN (O.S.)

ROBERT, you up honey? I got your  
breakfast down here.

ROBERT wakes from his sleep, disoriented. He is obviously still tired. Robert runs his hand through his hair, then proceeds to get out of his bed. He's only wearing boxers, that have a giant smiley face on the front.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

A beautiful woman is standing in the kitchen, she is wearing a sky blue shirt with jeans. She has strawberry blonde hair and what many would call a "perfect" body.

WOMAN

Rob honey, how you feeling?

ROBERT

Like shit.

WOMAN

Writer's block honey?

ROBERT

I've had it for 2 weeks, it's not  
natural for me. I use to be able  
to write in my sleep, now I have  
trouble creating a damn setting.

The woman places eggs and bacon on the table in front of  
ROBERT. The woman is his wife, SARAH.

ROBERT

Thank you honey. You going to  
work today?

SARAH

Robert, it's Sunday...

ROBERT  
Jesus, I need to make this  
deadline.

SARAH  
Why can't you just ask for more  
time, I'm sure they'll  
understand.

SARAH pours ROBERT a cup of coffee. ROBERT takes a carton  
of milk and pours it into his coffee, along with some table  
spoons of sugar.

ROBERT  
They weren't too happy with the  
success of my last novel, I need  
to blow their minds with this  
one. If they find out that I'm  
behind schedule, then bye-bye  
ROBERT.

SARAH sits down at the table with her own breakfast.

SARAH  
You just need some time for fun  
honey. You and JIMMY and can  
fishing or something.

ROBERT  
JIMMY doesn't fish, he bowls.

SARAH laughs.

SARAH  
Well then, go bowling, I'm giving  
you permission. Hang out with  
your friend, have fun. Take your  
brother too, guys night out.

ROBERT  
I haven't had a guys night out  
since we got married.

SARAH  
Are you blaming me for that?

ROBERT smiles.

ROBERT  
Of course not honey. I'll take  
that offer. I'm pretty sure BRUCE  
is still sleeping.

ROBERT gets up and walks towards the phone.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You think I'm lazy, my brother makes me look like the early bird.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT.

LEBOWSKI LANES is full of people tonight. ROBERT, his best friend JIMMY and his brother BRUCE are in the middle lane. They're halfway through the game. BRUCE is next to bowl. JIMMY is keeping score, while ROBERT is watching BRUCE. BRUCE looks almost identical to ROBERT, just short and fatter. JIMMY has short black hair, is a little round and has glasses.

JIMMY

Writer's block eh? I bet that's a bitch.

ROBERT

I don't get it, I had the great premise. Four friends who desperately need to get money, try everything they can think of. Odd jobs, working for the mod even robbing banks. It was going to be a dark comedy.

JIMMY

Then why are you stuck?

ROBERT

I don't know, it's never happened to me before.

BRUCE takes his turn and bowls a strike. BRUCE walks back to JIMMY and ROBERT

BRUCE

I'm throwing rocks tonight.

ROBERT

Shut the fuck up BUCE.

JIMMY

Listen ROB, why don't you just think of another premise, get another story going so you can...I don't know. Not have writers block?

ROBERT  
Don't you think I've tried that?  
I can't seem to get one decent  
idea in my head, this one is the  
only one and I don't know how to  
start it.

BRUCE  
You're up JIMMY.

JIMMY gets up from his seat and picks up a ball.

JIMMY  
You know what I think?

ROBERT  
Let's hear this brilliant idea.

JIMMY  
You need to get laid.

ROBERT  
Would you like to go to my house  
and say that to my wife.

JIMMY  
Hey, have you two had sex lately?

ROBERT doesn't answer.

BRUCE  
I take it that answer qualifies  
as a no.

JIMMY  
You see, you need sex to get this  
writers block out of your head.

ROBERT  
I wish...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT.

ROBERT is in bed with SARAH, he leans over and begins to  
kiss her neck passionately.

SARAH  
If you think you're getting any,  
you're wrong buddy.

ROBERT leans back and tries to fall asleep again.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING.

ROBERT is sleeping in his bed, the room is just as messy as it was before. The analog clock sits next to his bed and it reads 9:37 AM. There is no voice that wakes ROBERT up, instead he wakes up on his own. ROBERT gets out of bed wearing the same boxers that he did the other day.

ROBERT walks downstairs and looks into the kitchen, SARAH is not there making him breakfast.

ROBERT  
Must be at work.

ROBERT fixes himself a bowl of cereal and eats it rapidly. The telephone rings. ROBERT runs over to answer it.

ROBERT  
SARAH?

JIMMY  
No shit head, it's JIMMY. Listen,  
we're going to the game, you  
coming?

ROBERT  
Who's we?

JIMMY  
BRUCE, myself and you, if you  
come.

ROBERT  
I shouldn't, I got to get this  
damn book done.

JIMMY  
Fuck the book man, you need to  
relax. Listen, we go out to the  
game, eat some dogs, then you can  
come back and write the piece of  
shit.

ROBERT looks at the time.

ROBERT  
You picking me up?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY.

JIMMY pulls up in a Thunderbird. It's cherry red with a yellow bird on the front.

ROBERT  
Holy shit, when did you get the new car?

JIMMY  
What the hell are you talking about? I've had this since high school man.

ROBERT  
What? I don't ever remember you having this car.

JIMMY  
Dude, we drove around in it every single day.

ROBERT  
What the hell are you talking about? I've never seen you in this car.

JIMMY  
Are you high?

ROBERT  
Dude I'm serious, when did you get this car.

JIMMY  
Get in the fucking car.

INT. CAR - DAY.

BRUCE is sitting in the back, ROBERT in the passenger seat and JIMMY is driving.

ROBERT  
I'm fucking serious man, I've never seen you in this car before.

BRUCE  
Dude, how can you not remember the Red Baron.

ROBERT turns to BRUCE in confusion.

ROBERT  
The Red Baron?

JIMMY

It's the name of the car man, we named it our graduating year. How can you forget that shit man?

ROBERT

Are you serious? Fuck me, this writers block must be fucking up my memory.

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIUM - DAY.

The three of them are sitting in the stands watching a baseball game. It's the Red Sox against the Blue Jays. The Red Sox are down by 5 runs in the bottom of the 6th.

ROBERT

Listen, thanks for this man. I haven't been to a game in so long.

BRUCE

It was my idea. Thought it would bring back memories of dad.

ROBERT

He use to take us to all the games.

JIMMY

How touching...really, I'm in tears over here.

BRUCE

Beers after this?

JIMMY

You know I'm there.

ROBERT

I'd love to but can't, SARAH will be waiting for me at home.

JIMMY

Who's this SARAH chick you've been talking about?

ROBERT looks at JIMMY confused.

ROBERT

Wha...what do you mean?

JIMMY

What do you what do I mean? When you answered the phone you asked if it was SARAH. I just figured it was one of your random fuck buddies, but apparently not.

ROBERT

I...I don't understand, how can you not know who SARAH is. BRUCE?

ROBERT turns to BRUCE. BRUCE shakes his head.

BRUCE

I've got no clue who she is bro.

ROBERT laughs.

ROBERT

Okay, you guys are pulling my chain, what's going on? Is this suppose to be some kind of cruel joke?

BRUCE

ROBERT, I can honestly say that I've never met this woman.

ROBERT

How can you say that, you were at the wedding.

BRUCE

Wedding?

JIMMY

When the fuck did you get married?

ROBERT

What do you mean when did I get married? I've been married for almost a year now. You threw my god damn bachelor party.

JIMMY laughs.

JIMMY

Okay there buddy, I think I'd remember throwing a bachelor party.

ROBERT

And I think I would remember getting married.

ROBERT gets up and leaves the stands.

JIMMY  
Where the hell are you going?

ROBERT  
Home, this isn't funny anymore.

BRUCE looks at JIMMY confused. Both of them get up out of their seats and follow ROBERT.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT.

ROBERT is looking through old home video tapes of his.

BRUCE  
What are you looking for?

ROBERT  
The video of our wedding.

BRUCE  
Jesus Christ Rob, what the hell is wrong with you. This writer's block is making you deranged.

ROBERT (ANGERD)  
I AM NOT FUCKING DERANGED!! You two fucks are fucking with me. I have a wife, her name is SARAH.

JIMMY  
Okay, okay, you're married. We get it.

ROBERT  
No, you don't get it. I don't know what you're trying to pull here, but I'm going to show you.

ROBERT looks for the video tape but can't seem to find it.

ROBERT  
Where the fuck is it?

BRUCE leans forward and puts his hand on ROBERT'S shoulder.

BRUCE  
It's not there because it doesn't exist. You're just tired, you need some rest.

ROBERT pushes BRUCE away.

ROBERT  
Get the fuck away from me.

JIMMY

ROBERT, you need to sleep.  
Please, it's for your own good.

ROBERT begins to cry as BRUCE holds him.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

ROBERT is laying in his bed, with the clothes he wore last night still on. There is no clock in his room to display the time. ROBERT wakes up violently and looks at his surroundings. His room seems different. It's not as messy as it usually is. ROBERT runs down the stairs and sees his wife SARAH standing in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

ROBERT runs over to SARAH and holds her. He kisses her all over.

ROBERT

I love you so much.

SARAH is overwhelmed.

SARAH

Whoa, where did this come from?

ROBERT looks in her eyes.

ROBERT

Never leave me.

SARAH

I'm not, I won't...what's the matter?

ROBERT

JIMMY and BRUCE said they never heard of you and they had this new car, which they said they had for years called the Red Baron. I've never seen the damn thing before but they insisted on it. I looked for our wedding tape and couldn't find it.

SARAH

Darling, darling...calm down. It was just a dream.

ROBERT  
No, no it wasn't a dream, this  
happened yesterday. JIMMY and  
BRUCE took me to a ball game.

SARAH  
Wait, who's JIMMY and BRUCE?

ROBERT stops and looks at his wife dumbfounded.

ROBERT  
What did you just say?

SARAH  
Honey, who's JIMMY and BRUCE?

ROBERT let's go of SARAH and takes a few steps back.

ROBERT  
Please, please don't.

SARAH  
Don't what? What's wrong?

ROBERT  
STAY AWAY FROM ME.

SARAH is frightened, but ROBERT is still waling backwards.

SARAH  
Honey, what's going on?

ROBERT  
Tell me, tell me who BRUCE and  
JIMMY are. I know you know them.

SARAH  
Darling, I have no clue who these  
people are. Are you okay? Are you  
sick?

ROBERT  
BRUCE is my brother, BRUCE is my  
god damn brother and  
JIMMY...JIMMY has been my best  
friend my whole life.

SARAH  
Honey..are you okay? You never  
had a brother named BRUCE. Your  
brother's name was TED.

ROBERT  
Was?

ROBERT looks even more confused then before. He stops at  
the door to his house.

SARAH

ROBERT, your brother died 3 years ago, in a car crash. It was a drunk driver. Don't you remember?

ROBERT looks around his house from his spot and laughs.

ROBERT (HYSTERICAL)

What the fuck is going on?

SARAH

Where are you going? ROBERT?

ROBERT runs out the door to see that it's night.

EXT. NIGHT - STREET.

ROBERT looks around his surroundings. He begins to yell as if someone from a higher power is listening.

ROBERT

What is going on? What the fuck is going on?

VOICE (O.S.)

ROBERT?

The voice is familiar, ROBERT turns to see JIMMY standing on the lawn next door.

ROBERT

JIMMY?

JIMMY

Yeah man, what the hell are you doing?

ROBERT runs over to JIMMY.

ROBERT

Do you know my wife?

JIMMY

What? Of course I do man. She's fucking hot, how can I not know her?

ROBERT grabs JIMMY and brings him inside the house. SARAH is sitting down eating dinner.

ROBERT

SARAH, do you know who this is?

SARAH looks up at ROBERT and JIMMY standing there. ROBERT looks exhausted and JIMMY looks confused.

SARAH looks at JIMMY for an answer. He shakes his head not knowing what is going on.

ROBERT  
Answer the god damn question  
SARAH.

SARAH  
Honey, calm down. Of course I  
know who it is.

ROBERT falls to the ground in tears. JIMMY stands over him looking at him with sadness and confusion.

ROBERT  
Help me...please, help me. I'm  
sick. I need help.

SARAH  
Honey, are you okay?

ROBERT  
Please...please.

JIMMY  
Okay buddy, we'll get you help.  
You just need some rest right  
now. Okay? I'm going to put you  
to bed.

ROBERT  
Okay...okay.

JIMMY helps place ROBERT in his bed.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING.

ROBERT wakes up from his sleep. He feels refreshed and vibrant. His room is completely different. It's clean, not one single clothing of his can be seen, there are no clocks and his typewriter is missing. ROBERT looks around.

ROBERT  
Why...why me. What is going on?

ROBERT once again gets up out of his bed, wearing the exact same clothes two days in a row now. ROBERT slowly walks down the stairs hoping to see his beautiful wife in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

SARAH is cooking breakfast, there is a plate on the table, with the food already eaten.

ROBERT  
You ate you're breakfast already?  
That's different, you usually  
like to eat it after I have mine.

SARAH does not responde.

ROBERT  
Honey...I know things have been  
strange lately, but I...I Don't  
know. I seem to be losing my  
mind. I can't write this god damn  
novel, everyone I care about  
disappears then re-appears.

ROBERT stops to think for a minute.

ROBERT  
My brother...is my brother alive?  
BRUCE...TED, is he alive?

MAN (O.S.)  
Loved the breakfast SARAH.

ROBERT turns around to see his brother standing behind him. Robert lets out a sigh of relief to see his brother alive and well.

ROBERT  
I thought I lost you man.

SARAH brings her breakfast to the table. She proceeds to sit down and eat it, while drinking her black coffee. ROBERT notices this.

ROBERT  
Since when do you drink black  
coffee? You always have milk and  
sugar in your coffee.

ROBERT'S brother sits down at the table where he had just ate breakfast.

SARAH  
Can you pass the paper TED?

TED  
Sure honey.

TED passes the newspaper over to SARAH.

ROBERT  
TED? HONEY? What the hell?

TED  
You not going to work today  
darling?

SARAH  
It's Sunday honey.

TED  
Oh yes, must have slipped my  
mind.

ROBERT sits down at the table.

ROBERT  
It can't be Sunday, Sunday was  
just a couple days ago.  
SARAH...SARAH, talk to me.

SARAH doesn't react to anything that ROBERT has just said,  
it's as if, ROBERT does not exist.

TED  
JIMMY has his new novel coming  
out tomorrow.

ROBERT  
WHAT??

SARAH  
Oh yeah? I'll have to give it a  
read, his last novel was great.  
What's this one about?

SARAH takes a sip of her coffee.

TED  
I think it's about four guys and  
money problems. It's suppose to  
be a dark comedy.

ROBERT stands up from the table.

ROBERT  
That son of a bitch, that's mine.

ROBERT runs towards the door and swings it open. He runs  
outside, except it's not outside...

EXT. UNKNOWN PLACE.

ROBERT is standing in a place that he has never seen  
before. It's completely white. You cannot make out the  
floor, from the wall or the ceiling.

Or even if you're indoors. The brightness is blinding at first, but then your eyes adjust to it.

ROBERT looks around his surroundings and his face has the ultimate look of confusion.

ROBERT  
What the...what the hell? What  
the hell is going on?

His voice echoes endlessly.

ROBERT  
HELLO? IS THERE ANYBODY OUT  
THERE?

ROBERT begins to run, but it's ultimately useless, he cannot see anything but white for an endless distance.

ROBERT  
What the fuck? Jesus Christ,  
where did I take a wrong turn?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hello ROBERT.

ROBERT spins around to look for the voice.

ROBERT  
Who said that? Who are you, where  
are you?

A man wearing all white walks out from what appears to be a wall, but one cannot see because of the complete whiteness that is this room. The suit is as white as the room, so all we see is the hands, black shoes and the man's head. The man is mid 40's, brown hair with a mustache. He looks much like Gary Oldman.

MAN  
Hello ROBERT.

ROBERT looks at the man, confused, angerd, and depressed.

ROBERT  
Who in the blue fuck are you?

MAN  
Who I am is not important, who  
you are is.

ROBERT beings to tear up a bit. The past couple of days have done a number on him.

ROBERT  
Then who am I?

MAN

That is the question isn't it?

The MAN begins to walk and ROBERT follow him. But now, he is wearing a black suit.

ROBERT

How did you do that?

MAN

Change suits? Well, all you need is an imagination ROBERT.

ROBERT

Please, just help me get back home.

The MAN looks back at ROBERT.

MAN

You are home ROBERT.

The MAN is now wearing a tropical Hawaiian dress shirt and shorts, with sandals.

ROBERT

I don't understand.

MAN

The past couple of days have been, more or less confusing for you.

ROBERT

Yes.

MAN

ROBERT, what I'm about to tell you may shock you. I must ask you to stay calm.

ROBERT shakes his head to the MAN, who is now wearing a cowboy outfit, complete with cowboy hat and boots.

MAN

You're not real.

ROBERT's eyes full of tears close. ROBERT tries to comprehend what this man has just said.

ROBERT

What do you mean?

MAN

I mean exactly what I just said. You...Are...Not...Real.

ROBERT  
How can I not be real.

MAN  
Well, for one thing, all you have  
to do is look at where you are.

ROBERT  
Where am I?

MAN  
No one knows the official term.  
But a few buddies of mine and  
myself call it "Character Limbo".

ROBERT  
I don't understand.

MAN  
This is the place where  
characters go that are no longer  
needed.

ROBERT  
I'm sorry I don't follow.  
Characters? What the fuck are you  
talking about?

MAN  
You're a fictional character  
ROBERT. You are not real. SARAH,  
your wife is not real, and  
neither is your friend JIMMY or  
you brother BRUCE...or is it now  
TED?

ROBERT steps back.

ROBERT  
How did you know that.

MAN  
A bit weird don't you think. How  
your friends knew your wife one  
day and had no clue who she was  
the next. That was the author,  
shuffling around the characters.

ROBERT  
Fuck you.

MAN  
ROBERT, your room was changing,  
the author was making subtle  
changes in his story, in his  
novel that he is writing, which,  
up until now was about you.

ROBERT

Was?

MAN

Well you see, while the author was shuffling around the characters, he ultimately came to the decision to drop out only one...you.

ROBERT looks his shirt and hands.

ROBERT

I feel...real.

The man is now wearing pedestrian clothing.

MAN

Yeah well, you're not.

ROBERT

Then how come I could remember my wife when the others couldn't.

MAN

Some characters, over time begin to develop their own imagination. While you were developing your, your wife, your friends had not. Hence you were aware of what was going on and they were not.

ROBERT seems at ease with this information.

ROBERT

So...what now.

MAN

Now...nothing. You were apart of the writers imagination. No other writer can think of you, exactly the way you are. So basically, until that writer decides to use you again...if he decides to use you again. You stay here.

ROBERT

If I'm used again, will I remember this?

MAN

No, you're mind will be revamped to the specific story line that he creates for you. You can wake up one day being a serial killer and not even know it.

ROBERT  
So what do I do?

MAN  
You're not the only character  
here. There are hundreds of  
people that have been discarded  
over the years by writers. Some  
leave and some don't.

ROBERT  
How long have you been here?

The MAN is know wearing a shirt and tie.

MAN  
I choose not to answer that.

ROBERT looks around the place.

MAN  
Welcome, to your new home.

FADE OUT:

END CREDITS

(MORE)